

TIGHTWIRE

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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Kingston

Prison For Women

Nov ... Dec... 77

THE NEW TIGHTWIRE

November-December, 1977
Volume 111 - Edition VI

The TIGHTWIRE is a publication printed every second month, presented by the inmates of the Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. We wish to dissolve the barriers of physical imprisonment by sharing our attempts to free ourselves from the mental bondages that engulf us. Our printed words are meant to educate, not alienate you. They are the expressed thoughts, feelings, ideas and attitudes which issue forth from the brains of a writer. These are her/his sole possessions and wings towards freedom. Therefore, the contents herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the administration. We welcome advice or criticism from you, the reader, and will be happy to print your articles or letters. Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

Please address all inquiries, correspondence, cheques or money orders for subscriptions to:

TIGHTWIRE
P.O. Box 515,
Kingston, Ont.

Tightwire Staff: L. Cassidy
M. Huisman

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TIGHTWIRE NEEDS YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS

POETRY, SPORTS, FICTION, FEATURES

MAKE SURE YOUR WORK IS ORIGINAL OR

THE AUTHOR NOTED

Merry Christmas and have a



Happy New Year!

TO OUR READERS

Alas, another changeover in staff, Faye has bid us farewell, which leaves inexperienced little old me at the drawing board! Being hired as a typist and ending up as a editor has left me in a state of shock. Frederika is lending me her experienced hands, thank you Frederika.

I send out a plea of help to all inmates and outmates for contributions of poetry, prose or articles. I had planned on writing an article in this issue in regard to the new bills, rules and regulations the great white fathers have passed, but the dust hasn't settled yet so it will be in the next issue.

So to all a MERRY CHRISTMAS (belated) and the best in the NEW YEAR!

Cass



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

Dear Friends,

Am enclosing cheque for next 12 issues of Tightwire. Congratulations on putting out such a thoughtful and challenging publication! I couldn't agree more!

I read the excerpts from your publication in the E. Fry Newsletter and admired all of it. To D. F. Martin and Nancy Ward Armour, I say RIGHT ON! And hope to read more of their writing in future issues.

I was deeply touched by the poetry of Lisabeth Anaskan and hope she, too will give us more of her insights into prison life. I intend to circulate all these writing among my friends and in this way help to break down the artificial barriers that separate us all.

I would very much enjoy meeting all of you and hope that will soon be possible.

Warmest greetings to you and your contributors,

Sylvia Easton

Dear Miss Martin,

Initially, on behalf of all inmates here, from both female and male sections (yes, we are segregated too!) thank you for sending us your magazine "Tightwire" and we hope to continue hearing from you in the future.

We love the feminine art work, sadly lacking here I can tell you! Although it's a totally male confine here at Yatala, our magazine caters to the female section as well - I have received many complimentary comments from them since passing on your magazine for their perusal - we "chauvanistic" males read it first of course!

Communication can be quite a drag over here so if you know of any male institutions over there willing to send a (free, naturally) copy of their magazine to us here, and communication if mutual, we would be very appreciative. Who knows, even through our isolation, many of our needs may well be synonymous. I must add though, that our "French" isn't very hot - thats our ignorance not theirs.

I was very impressed with Bill Williamson's article on "Discernment" re: "Tightwire" July-August '77. Look forward to more articles from this source.

Should any of your workmates be dying of curiosity and should any questions bubble into an effervescent eruption, then please don't hesitate, give us a yell! We could all broaden our horizons.

Frank Straker, 31348./AM 35
"Vision" Magazine,
c/- Box: 53
G.P.O.
Adelaide, 5001
S.A. Australia

Hi Ladies,

Just got through reading the May-June issue of Tightwire, congratulations on the great job you are doing.

Your articles are to the point, varied and well written. Also enjoyed your poetry section. Perhaps an introduction is in order: my name is John R. Aragon Jr. am here at the Colorado State Penitentiary. I was thinking if I could ask you something? Could you send me your newspaper. Well you see we get paid \$5.00 per month. And we all know that we couldn't send \$3.00 for you paper. So we are asking if you could send it. And we could send the news we have here. And with that you see, you would know what goes on here and we would know what's going on there.

I would like to send something to your paper. I wrote it while we were on lock up for six months. I'll tell you this state is one big bummer!

Well I hope I here from you. And remember us down here. Before I forget the next cell down said he enjoyed your paper also.

Be cool,
John Ray Aragon Jr.,
01801 Cellhouse,
Box 1010,
Canon City, Colorado
81212

EDITOR'S NOTE: read John's poetry in this issue and we have send a complimentary subscription out.

THANXGIVN 1977

Dear Tightwire, sittn here thinkn what isthere to be thankfull for, and this big, bleak outside doesnt suggest much; your mags & th Women's Pen special were highpoints in desire and should i say high or lowpoints in thought. Our play "CONvicted but not CONVINCED" has been able to use some of these peaces, thankfull and in lieu of guest appearances by th authxmers. Thank you from all of us and audiences; th blank holes of these weonly count a measure of th communities apathy toward prisons -dont let it get us down! Over th last two months weve tried to relate 'convicted' to th Parliamentary Subcommittee Report & its recommendatns - if only to carry on theatrically what in the book was quickly shelved ffrom th public: incl. those of K 4 W. If anyone can think of ways of theatricalisn your special conditions/requests/recommendations please get in touch & we'll be happy to try and integrate them in th play -as we try with peaces from th mags. thanxs again

convinceremos
th caste

Sept. 1977



Sisters In Struggle;

I have just finished reading the July-August edition of "Tightwire". Every issue inspires much thought for my sisters and brothers who are still held captive in the prisons across our country. As an ex-prisoner, 6½ years in B.C.'s worst, I can feel the pain, suffering, and frustration felt by those who are still held captive.

It has been my life since leaving the penitentiary to not forget my friends and to do all I can to help as soon as I could. Within a year I hope to have the National Prisoners publication out on the streets and in the prisons. It is my intention to have the first issue out by the 10th of August, 1978. I have been struggling since January to get a business started that could subsidize a publication of this magnitude. Hopefully the business will be making money by the first of October and I will be able to start saving. I will be writing more to your publication on this at a later date.

Enclosed is a song-poem I wrote for Andy, just after the new year of 1971. We had both received 120 days full isolation (bread and water in those days) along with Ronnie (a man who was sentenced to two years in 1968 and is still in without ever have being released) for the August 10th, 1970 demonstration in the B.C. Pen's exercise yard protesting the murder of Wally Brass. At the time of writing this song-poem we were on a "7 day break" and had served 90 days of the sentence.

I would appreciate it if you would publish this letter and song-poem and send the "Tightwire" to the B.C. Pen.

Any help to get the National Prisoners publication off of the ground would be appreciated. I am in special need of contacts/distributions in every part of the country. People on the street and prisoners, STAY STRONG. JUSTICE WILL CONQUER THE LAW.

Dale Berranger
1026 - 15 Ave., S.W.,
Calgary, Alberta

Parole Board Canada
Office of the Chairman
Ottawa, K1A 0R1
November 10, 1977

Editor
Tightwire,

Dear Editor,

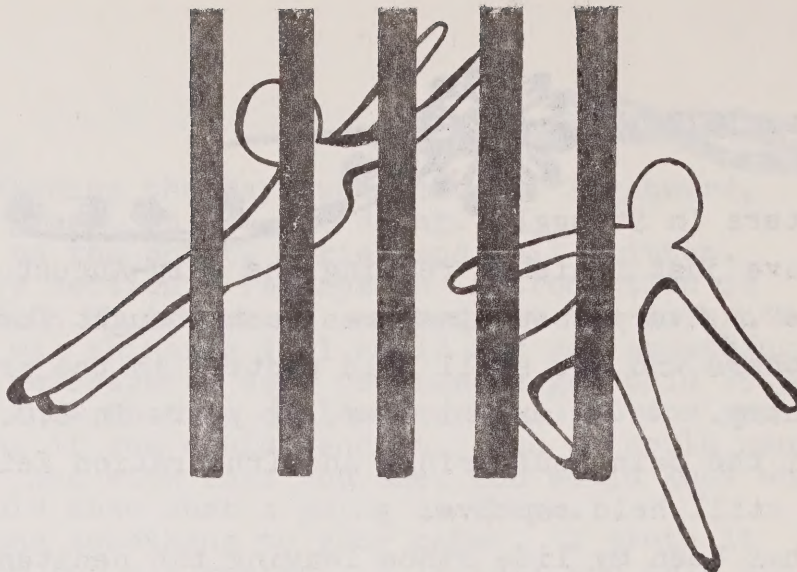
Since becoming chairman of the National Parole Board, and in my years as a Board member before that, I have felt that there was a lack of information on parole available to the inmates in federal institutions across the country.

This becomes very apparent when members of the Board meet inmates face to face as they hold parole interviews within the institutions.

Furthermore, a few months ago, a Toronto agency under contract to the Board, produced, in co-operation with the inmates at Warkworth Penitentiary, a 30-minute videotape presentation in which inmates participated without benefit of rehearsal. It was obvious from the replies some of them gave to questions and from the comments they made during the free discussions, that they possessed disturbingly little accurate information on parole. Moreover, their comments clearly demonstrated that, in many cases, their perception of the parole principle is that it is a means of simply "getting out" rather than an opportunity to exchange a portion of their incarceration for a conditional release subject to good behavior and certain restrictions.

We would like to have the opportunity of correcting this obvious information deficiency and that is my reason for writing to you and the other inmate press editors in federal institutions across Canada.

We, at the Parole Board, are seeking your reaction to a proposal that would include the preparation, by our Communications Division, of a package of information on a periodic basis, designed to provide the kind of information that inmates should have, to help them in applying for parole, and to remain on parole if and when one is granted to them.



We are in the process of preparing an updated edition of the Handbook on Parole for Federal Inmates with which you might be familiar. Copies will be sent to you when it is ready. We propose to use the handbook, among others, as a source of information for the articles we would send to you for publication. We would also be prepared to reply to selected questions from inmates when these questions deal with matters common to a fair number of inmates. We would hope that, in this connection, the questions would be submitted to inmate press editors who would select two or three per month and send them along to us. We would then prepare answers and send them back to all inmate publication editors to be used with the information package.

If you are interested in this kind of editorial service, I would appreciate it if you would correspond with our Director of Communications to that effect, making any comments or suggestions that you think pertinent. If enough inmate editors are interested in a service of this type, we will be prepared to discuss the mechanics involved before actually launching the project early in 1978.

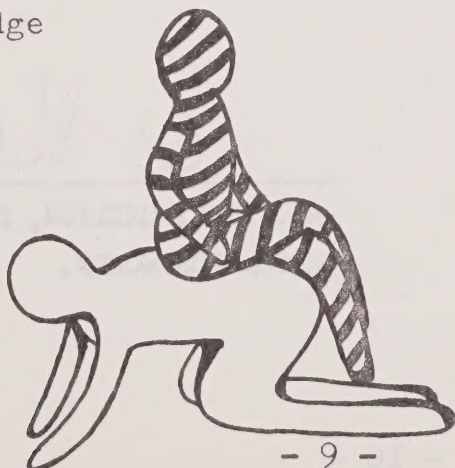
Please communicate with:

Director of Communications
National Parole Board
340 Laurier Avenue West
Ottawa, Ontario
K1P 0R1

We are looking forward to hearing from you on this matter.

Yours sincerely,

W. R. Outerbridge
Chairman





CANADA

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

• Director of Communications,
National Parole Board,
340 Laurier Avenue West,
Ottawa, Ontario.
K1P 0R1

PLEASE QUOTE REFERENCE:
VEUILLEZ MENTIONNER:

January 3, 1977

Dear Sir;

The need for more information on Parole for staff and inmates is quite evident. "Tightwire", the Prison for Women's inmate newspaper, is willing to support your proposal of an "editorial service". It is hoped that this service will be a continuing one. I am aware of the "Community Information Service" that is functioning at Warkworth Institution. Such a service would also be an excellent vehicle for dissemination of parole information as it would meet the more immediate needs of the inmates. Both services are a necessity, particularly in terms of a constantly changing inmate population and the inability of many persons to interpret generalized information. The demands for information are usually quite specific.

I think the combination of THE HANDBOOK ON PAROLE FOR FEDERAL INMATES, a periodic information package, and articles published in the paper is an excellent beginning. It is at the institutional level where the success/ or failure of information dissemination lies. Any suggestions that you might have would be a great help.

Thank you.

MS. VICKI SKELTON, LIBRARIAN,
PRISON FOR WOMEN.

A Letter To Santa

written by Sue Monkley

Dear Santa,

I have a big request this year I only hope that you can grant my wish for Christmas.

As you know Santa, I have been in prison for years, and all I want for Christmas is my freedom. Yes Santa I want the freedom to hold my lover in my arms. I want the freedom to be able to share a Christmas with my family. I need the freedom from these head games that are played every day.

All I am really asking is to be given the opportunity to lead a normal life. A life where I am not under the watchful eye of big brother every second. Yes a life where I can make my own decisions and not be told that I must do this and that at the same time every day.

Santa please free me so I can learn again the meaning of love and life. For in these prisons one tends to forget what they are, for as beautiful as friendship is sometimes it's just not enough.

Well Santa as I said at the beginning of this letter this is a big request, one I know likely won't be granted. For Santa I am not just asking this for myself but for all the lonely inmates in the prisons of this world.

16 YEARS IN RUSSIA'S PRISON CAMPS

by D. F. Martin



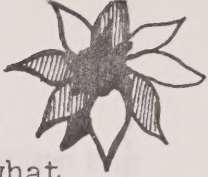
I had the privilege to attend a conference given by Professor Panin at Dupuis Hall of Queens University. Professor Panin is now a teacher at the University of Paris and was invited by Queens to give lectures on the prison camps where he spent sixteen years of his life.

Professor Panin was born in 1911 and, as a seven year old boy, saw devastation and hunger, and felt the cold of an unheated dwelling. Daily tyranny, cruelty, murders committed in broad daylight, robbery, arson, executions of relatives by firing squads, the deaths of neighbours from prolonged undernourishment and blasphemy left an indelible impression on his childhood consciousness.

Like most of his generation, he considered himself a bitter enemy of the regime, and in the conditions prevailing, it was possible to speak freely only when in the company of a small group of friends. He was arrested in 1940, as a result of a denunciation made by a former friend, and spent the first year in a Moscow prison and was sentenced, without trial, to five years in a camp for having spoken against the regime.

"I reached my first camp in 1941, the year the war with Germany began. During this first winter in Vyatlog (as this camp is called) 35,000 men were destroyed. In all seven million prisoners perished during the first year of the war. Stalin replaced Hitler's gas chambers by:

- meagre rations - a cause of death in itself

- 
- 
- no issue of camp clothing - everyone continued wearing what he arrived in
 - production quotas which were absolutely unrealistic under the conditions prevailing
 - a cross-country trek of five to ten kilometers between barracks and work areas, this had to be done twice daily, often in deep snow
 - the dreadful arctic winter of 1941-42, when the air temperature never rose above minus 35 degrees centigrade, but no matter how cold it got, the men were still driven out to work
 - no day of rest - the only respite came when, instead of being marched off to the woods, the seks (slang for prisoners) were taken just outside the barbed-wire, to undergo a body search while they stood in the snow.
 - hordes of bedbugs, and frequently lice as well.
 - the cold in the unheated barracks
 - two weeks to a month of backbreaking labour was quite sufficient to put a man permanently out of action. By the end of that time, what little strength he had was gone. He could no longer make the hike to the logging area or even stand upright while the flinkies assembled the men for work; he began dying a slow death."

Dimitri Panin did not die in the first camp because he was not sent to fell trees but was assigned to the machine shop; this was attributable to two circumstances- he was an engineer by profession and had been sentenced to a relatively short five year term.

In 1943, 28 prisoners, himself among them, were thrown into the camp jail. They were accused of a crime fantastic under camp conditions: the preparation of an armed rising. After eleven months of interrogation, all who survived were transferred to an empty hut, which was called the hospital. "We contracted pellagric diarrhea as a result of our exhaustion and the complete absence of vitamins from our diet. We received neither medical advice nor medicine. The disease usually results in death after a period of two weeks."

"My heart and spirit refused to submit to the sentence of death. I promised God that I would help carry out his Holy Will

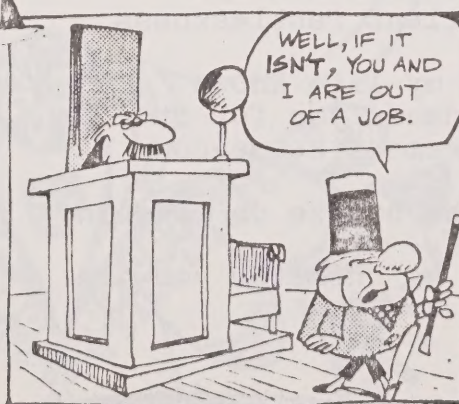
and with his help assist our nation. I experienced a feeling of confidence which has never left me. The days went by I prayed 30 days passed.... everybody regarded me as a unique case.... I prayed....I meditated....I prayed again.... on the fortieth day I woke up....no diarrhea. I shed tears of joy."

The remaining of the 28 prisoners soon received the verdict and, again without trial, he was sentenced to a further ten years in camp. He spent three years in the extreme north, in the severe conditions operating at Varkuta, was transferred, as an engineer, to the special prison 'Abarashka' (research institution staffed by prisoners) in 1947 and then, in 1950, to the penal camp of Ekibastus in Northern Kazakhstan.

The Stalinist system of repression and terror was at the height of its power when in 1952, for the first time in the history of the prison camps, the prisoners began a hunger strike. "I was one of the active participants and was sent to the punishment isolation cell of the death camp Spassk." These uprisings spread in many other camps and forced Krushchev to free 15 million prisoners. "I was also freed from the sentence of perpetual exile in Siberia. My sentence for the armed uprising was revoked, and its execution cancelled for lack of evidence. After 16 years in prison camps, I returned to Moscow and began to work as an engineer. I left for the West in 1972, in the hope of publishing my first book - THE NOTEBOOKS OF SOLOGDIN which describes my life in imprisonment, up to the time of my exile."

Professor Panin concluded saying that force, terror and deceit lead to slavery, bloodshed and tears. The enemies of God must needs

become the enemies of man. Godlessness leads to the dissolution of the soul and dishonesty among people. The world can be reformed by goodness, love and ideas which are clear and constructive. The good flowing from man's soul will bear fruit according to its purpose. Man of goodwill must fulfill their duty and turn the wheel of history before it is too late.



... Just a Thought ...

Could someone tell me ...why things have changed so much??
I've been trying to figure it out everyday for a long time now
It seems tho ...
That for everyday that goes by ...
I'm not getting closer to the answer ...
But ...
Farther ...
And ...
Further ...
I miss the old times ...
Don't you?!!
I got to shake this space.

Ann Wilson

Hi Just for You

by Jackie Brazil

In the quiet
cloudy moment
of dreams
Somewhere a river's flowing
and you are there beside
me in the warmest
coolest wind
untold the times i've kissed
you in the moments i have
missed you
and our love goes on
forever
with you
softly
on my mind.

So many times you've come
upon my bothered mind to
hush the silent restlessness
there.

Now my life knows
that it needs you for it
always seems like meadow
trees.

The breeze on sleepin
Sundays.
Whenever you are
near.

ONLY TRUTH CAN BE MY FORTUNE

Now only truth can be my fortune
And it's wealth cannot be sold
For the moon at night is my silver
The morning sun is my gold

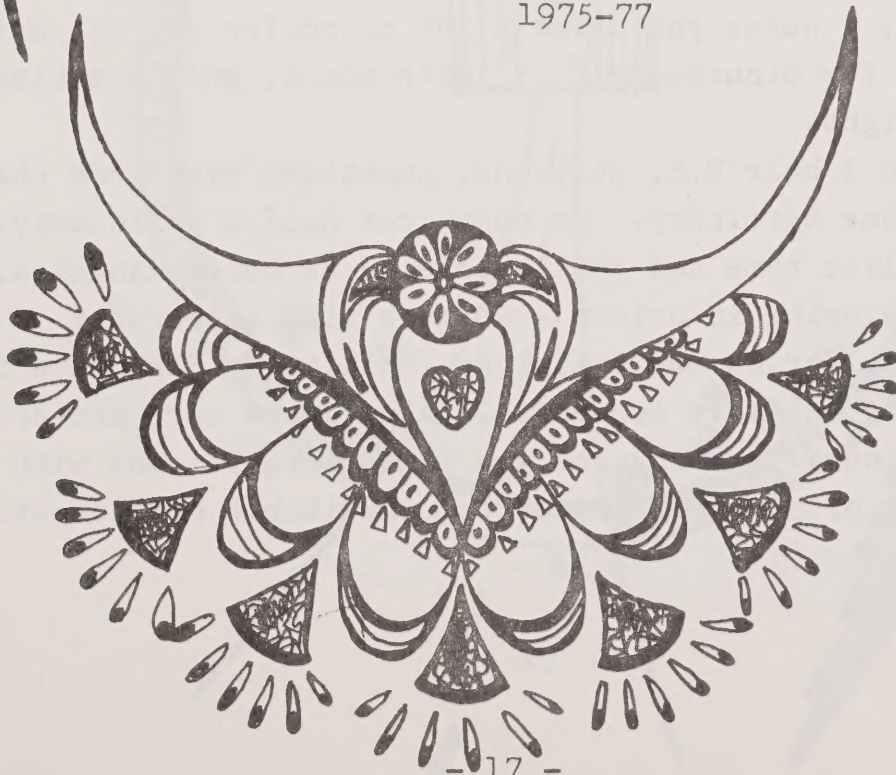
I have spent a lifetime searching
Looking for that certain one
To share my feelings and my passions
To share the warming of the sun

So when I find that special lady
We will know it's meant to be
And like the stars are meant for heaven
She will know she's meant for me

Her lovely face will be my music
And her kiss will be my wine
Her tender smile will be my flowers
And her heart forever mine

And with her I'll share my treasure
And to her the truth be told
That the moon at night is our silver
The morning sun is our gold

Ted Houser
1975-77



An American in Canada ... or "Go to Prison and See The World"

By Sharon Murray Zakarian

I'm not the first, nor I'm sure will I be the last American in a Canadian prison. During my life I've travelled all over the world. In Canada, we only completed a 2-day trip, the shortest tourist package deal on record (no pun intended) before we were busted in Moncton, New Brunswick. It's been a very closed tour ever since. Is this how Papillion felt when he went to Devil's Island in the Caribbean?

That is not to say the experience hasn't been as hectic and varied as a typical whirlwind trip through Europe. (If this is September 20th, I must be in a courtroom in Halifax.)

While my husband is taking in the sights and sounds of Nova Scotia from Springhill, I am enjoying a separate vacation in snow-filled Ontario. At first glance, Kingston and the surrounding terrain appears to be the U.S. in disguise. Burger-King, MacDonald's and the whole fast food mania flourishes along-side Country and Western music, Levi's and Madison Avenue commercials on television.

But, what's that you say? You don't sell Camel's? You know, those American non-filters as old as the world itself? Is that a Marks and Spencer's I see down the street? I thought they were only in London. What's that funny electric gadget there? A tea-kettle? An electric one? I never saw one of those back home, I guess you drink a lot of coffee and tea here, eh? "Oh, every few minutes or so." With toast, eh? "Sometimes, especially at night."

On my radio I hear U.S. stations, sometimes even from the Big Apple, my home territory. So near, yet half a world away. Canada-so much like home and yet as foreign as Outer Mongolia.

Rather like being in prison - so much like a boarding school, such familiar communal living: chillingly deceptive in its atmosphere of relative looseness. Always the bars and dreams at night to remind - just in case you might forget. And with the narrow focus of attention comes the inevitable preoccupation



with trivia and detail. Ordinary events transformed into giant traumas and upheavals. The giant waves of anxiety and tension that roll through, snatching up everyone in its tidal wave path. One minute feeling rather comfortable, even peaceful - the next instant overcome with agitation and doubt. Concentration and attention-span are stripped of their meaning and replaced with fleeting spurts of involvement and productivity in a frenzied whirlwind of jumbled confusion. Twenty cities in twenty-five days. Forty life - times in two and a half years.

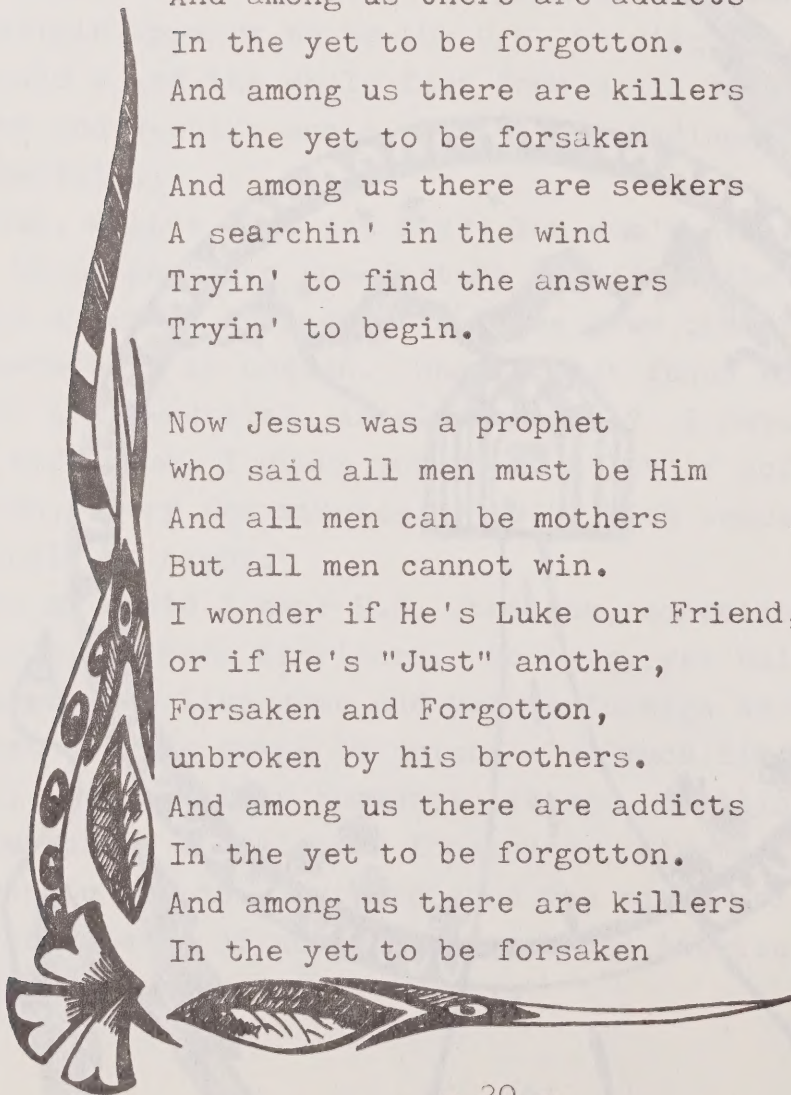
In my forty-first existence, I'll return home - a reincarnation - What did you see in your travels? I saw a land visited by none and everyone; I saw everything and nothing; I remember it all and can't recall a thing. I want my money back!



And All Men Can Be Mothers

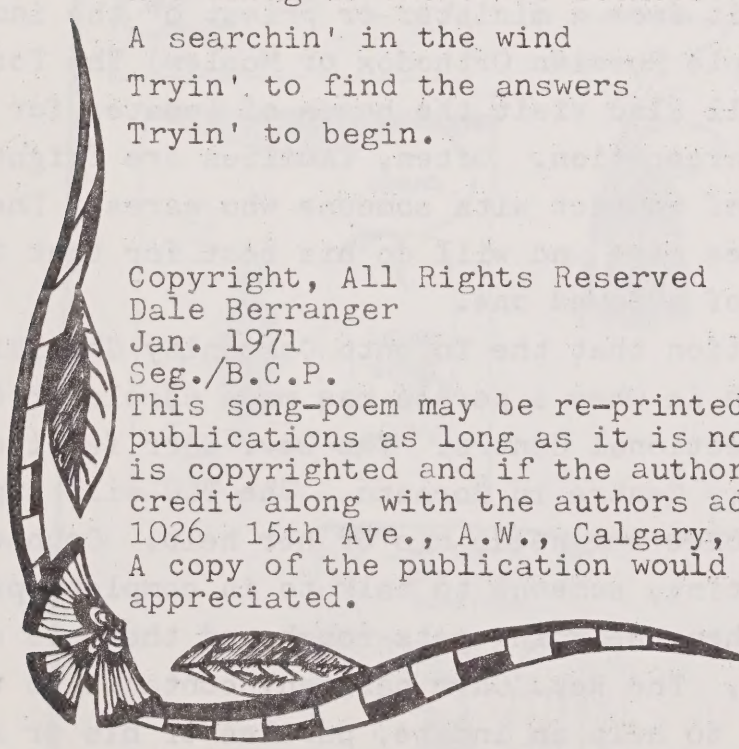
And John walked his mile
with Luke by his side.
Said John to his partner,
"I can't find a place to hide."
Now Mary she was the Queen of Grace
And John he was her mother
But said John to his partner,
"you'll have to find another."
And Luke he was a sailor man
As all men born to be
But somehow he's forgotton
In the madness of the sea.
And among us there are addicts
In the yet to be forgotton.
And among us there are killers
In the yet to be forsaken
And among us there are seekers
A searchin' in the wind
Tryin' to find the answers
Tryin' to begin.

Now Jesus was a prophet
who said all men must be Him
And all men can be mothers
But all men cannot win.
I wonder if He's Luke our Friend,
or if He's "Just" another,
Forsaken and Forgotton,
unbroken by his brothers.
And among us there are addicts
In the yet to be forgotton.
And among us there are killers
In the yet to be forsaken



And All Men Can Be Mothers cont....

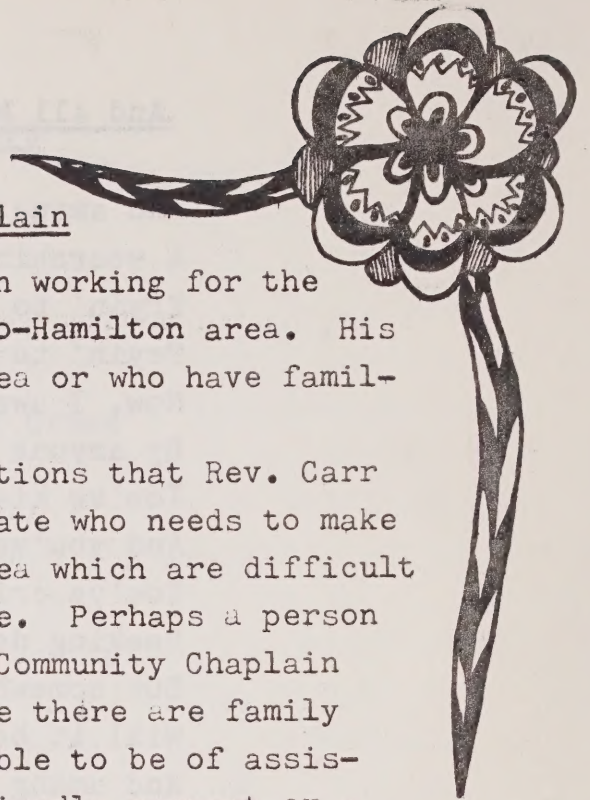
And among us there are seekers
A searchin' in the wind
Tryin' to find the answers
Tryin' to begin,
Now, I swear my song will never be heard
By anyone but you.
You've kissed your broken arrows
And you've talked your way through fools.
You've cried your tears and pain and hurt,
Seeking destiny
But somewhere your're forgotton
Will it be Deaths Deceit?
And among us there are addicts
In the yet to be forsaken
And among us there are killers
In the yet to be forgotton
And among us there are seekers
A searchin' in the wind
Tryin' to find the answers
Tryin' to begin.



Copyright, All Rights Reserved
Dale Berranger
Jan. 1971
Seg./B.C.P.

This song-poem may be re-printed in prison publications as long as it is noted that it is copyrighted and if the author is given credit along with the authors address:
1026 15th Ave., A.W., Calgary, Alberta.
A copy of the publication would be greatly appreciated.

The Toronto Community Chaplain



The Reverend John J. Carr is a chaplain working for the Canadian Penitentiary Service in the Toronto-Hamilton area. His job is to help inmates who are from that area or who have families or problems there.

Basically there are two kinds of situations that Rev. Carr can help with: The first is that of an inmate who needs to make certain contacts in the Toronto-Hamilton area which are difficult if not impossible for him or her to do alone. Perhaps a person has lost contact with a family member- the Community Chaplain can help locate that family member. Suppose there are family problems- the Community Chaplain might be able to be of assistance to the family by providing advice, friendly support or a contact person who can provide specialized services. In the event of the need of spiritual ministrations not readily available to the inmate, the Community Chaplain will make contact with and arrange for a visit from a minister or priest of the inmates own faith. (For example Russian Orthodox or Moslem) The Toronto Community Chaplain will also visit the homes of inmates for whom this is the first incarceration. Often, families are frightened, confused and in need of contact with someone who cares. The Community Chaplain does care and will do his best for that family so recently deprived of a loved one.

The second situation that the Toronto Community Chaplain is available to help with is when a person has made parole or is about to go to a Correctional Centre. The Rev. Carr is also chaplain for Montgomery Centre in Toronto. The TCC will support in various ways a parolee who needs his or her help. Counseling, help in job hunting, someone to talk to in complete privacy and confidentiality when the going gets rough and there is no one else to share it with. The Rev. Carr has many contacts in the area who have offered to help an inmate, parolee or his or her family in different ways.

What should a person do who would like to contact the Toronto Community Chaplain? If in Toronto and in need call him

Community Chaplain Continued

at 598-1806 or see him at 10 Trinity Square. (behind Eaton Centre) In the institution contact him through the institutional chaplains. In the event of a problem that needs very fast attention, perhaps the institutional chaplain could be persuaded to call Father Carr by phone. If there is some doubt that the Toronto Community Chaplain can be of any assistance, contact him anyway. Father Carr unfortunately does not work miracles but he will try hard for anyone with a real need.



A Place of Beauty

by J. Wilson, Steilacoom, Wash.

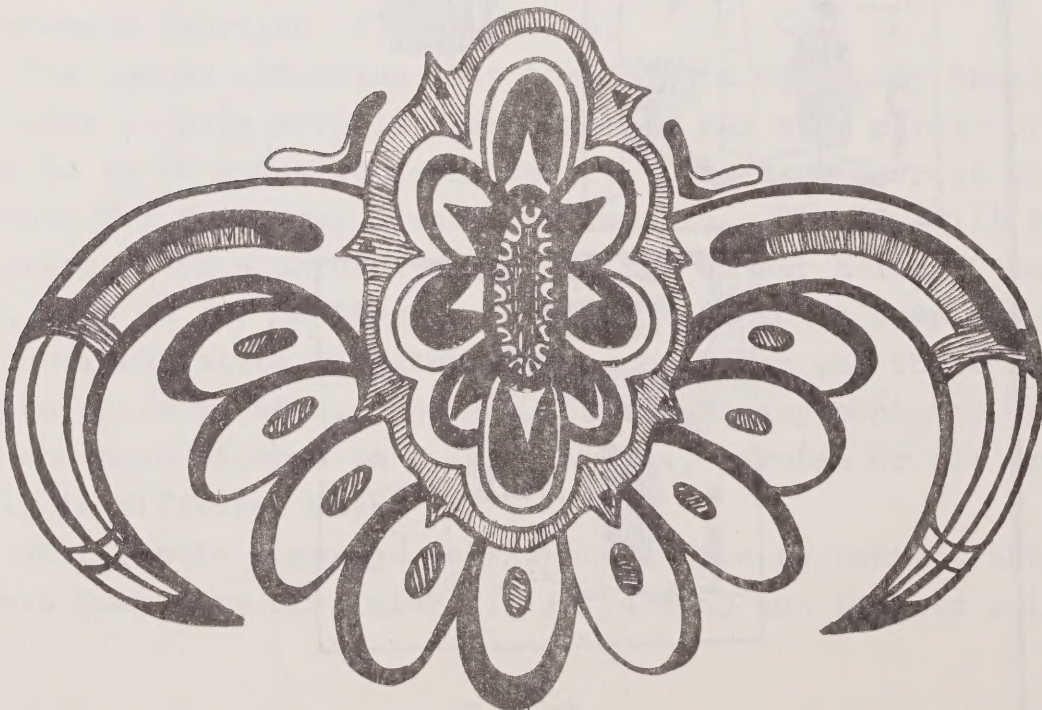
The clouds were billowy, white and fluffed,
As they captured the mountain peak
Here in this land that time forgot---
Where I'll find the peace that I see.

Virgin forests and streams aplenty,
Grace this painter's dream.
Nothing yet touched by human err,
Nature's beauty, so clear, could be seen.

Animals and birds all frolicked together,
Enjoying this splendid domain,
Peace and harmony went hand in hand
As the wind played a soft refrain.

No words can describe that something you feel,
While straining your eyes on this land,
Such wonders untouched by man and his ways,
A feeling so real and so grand.

If only in the realm of my imagination,
A place like this exists,
Most of us will never know,
The true beauty of nature we miss.



WISHING

Here I sit alone
Yet many friends I have galore
Sitting here wishing to be stoned
But the dreams are gone
From the rattled sound of keys
Then I realize I am in jail you see
But next year you'll find
I'll be sitting here still
Still wishing I was stoned

Tokyo

Till Baby I Met You



I thought I knew Love,
The feeling was there,
But I didn't really care.
To love one is hard,
Leaving many scars!
Asking why hate and love is so close,
Especially to the one you love most.
I found out in my short life
To give is okay
But love is not a one way street
To give and receive is really neat
Love I never really knew
Until Baby I met you.

Tokyo

E. Fry Dinner: Guest Speaker: Ms. Isabel McNeil

by D. F. Martin

I was invited to the E. Fry dinner at the Harbor restaurant in Kingston. This dinner was very successful, and everybody was impressed by Ms. McNeil's speech.

She believes that as crime originates in society the solutions to crime will be found in societies involvement. "Many of you have doubtless read the Parliamentary Sub Committee Report on the Penitentiary System of Canada, a report I trust will be fully implemented."

She quoted from the section on femal inmates: "one area in which women have equality in Canada, without trying, is in the national system of punishment. The nominal equality translates itself into injustice. But lest the injustice fail to be absolute, the equality ends and reverts to outright discrimination when it comes time to provide constructive positive recreation programs, basic facilities and space for women. Most women in this tight security are in reality medium or minimum security inmates in that their character and behaviour conform to the criteria set out for these lesser degrees of custody. Certainly a very small number require maximum security custody under the formal definition."

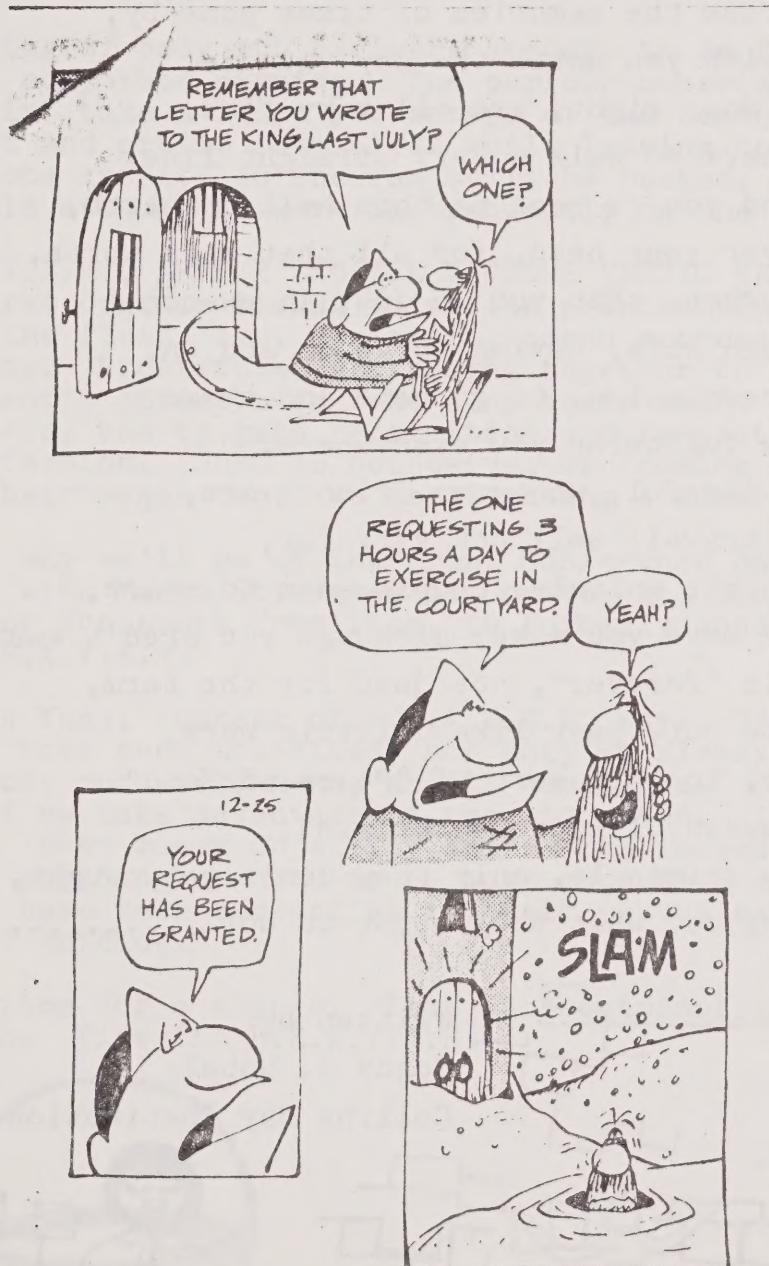
Ms. McNeil suggested changes which she believed would give Canada a more rational, and much less expensive correctional system:

- 1) she believes the solution to the confused correctional system lies in a different division of Federal-Provincial responsibilities for the treatment of offenders.
- 2) she also believes that provinces should concentrate on the alternatives to imprisonment: probation, community services, and treatment facilities for alcoholics and drug abusers; and of course maintain jails for short term incarceration.

As these plans are developed it is essential the E. Fry and such organizations should act as "watchdogs" to ensure that they are carried out.

Ms. McNeil hopes that Canada will soon see the light in its law enforcement and said "the Federal inmates are supposed to be

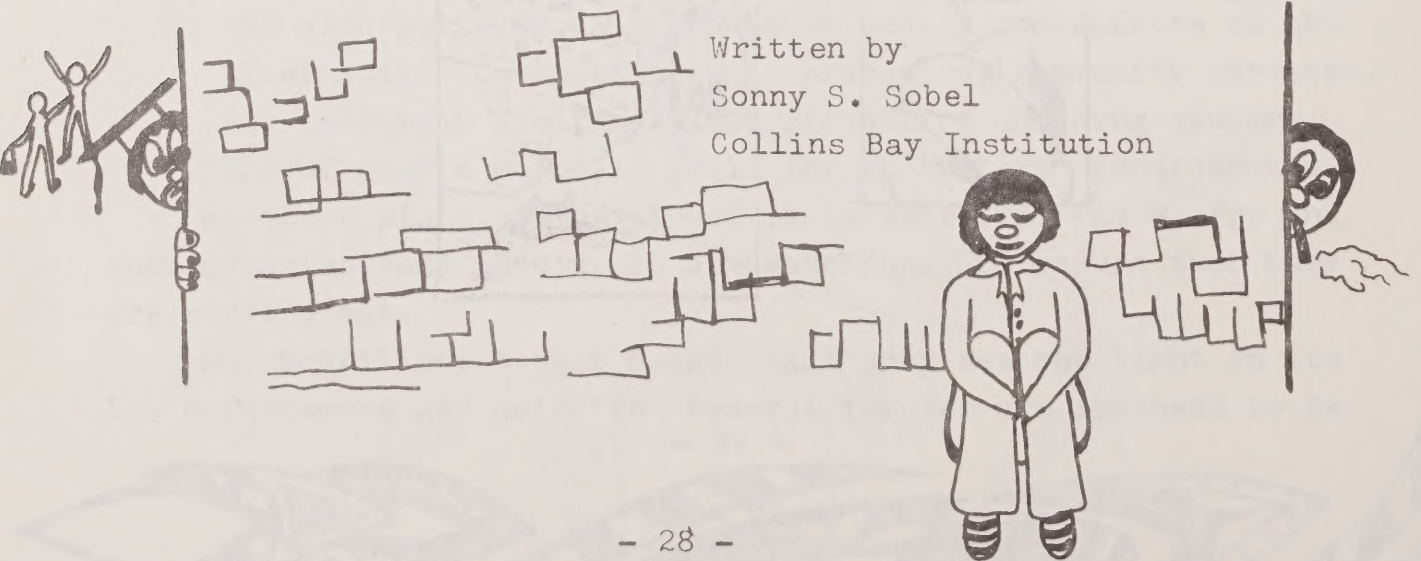
"the worst" yet, I found amongst them many kind and sensitive women, many of whom are my friends today."



OUR SICK SOCIETY

The days and nights cry out in this filthy hole,
How does one ever get, to cleanse his soul,
Their past is part of everywhere they go,
Their file is like an open book; for everyone to know,
How does one erase the memories of times gone by,
Why, they are with you until the day you die,
The things one does right, are all very fine,
But still you have to walk a very straight line,
One mistake, and you're back to this hell on earth,
They hold it over your head, for all that it's worth,
Can you ever forget, that you're just an ex-con,
As you go through life, having to go on and on,
You even need permission, to go here and there,
They seem to be following you everywhere,
You have to be careful, who your friends are,
You can't even travel; well not very far,
You're treated like animals; people seem to stare,
They know every move you make; although you aren't aware,
Your sentence is "Forever", not just for the term,
You can't wiggle out, just like a little worm,
What can one do, to have sort of "Peace of Mind",
Ex-cons are treated, like no other kind,
Society are the criminals, only they don't get caught,
Even though they do, what they ought to not

Written by
Sonny S. Sobel
Collins Bay Institution



LEAVE IT TO B.E.A.V.E.R.

The women's movement has long recognized the importance of economic independence for women. Right now in Toronto, independent street walkers are an endangered species. Wiping out exploitive work means wiping out potential jobs for women. Cleaning up Yonge Street means putting women in jail, on welfare, and into competition with other women for regular jobs. It disrupts families. Yes, hookers raise children too.

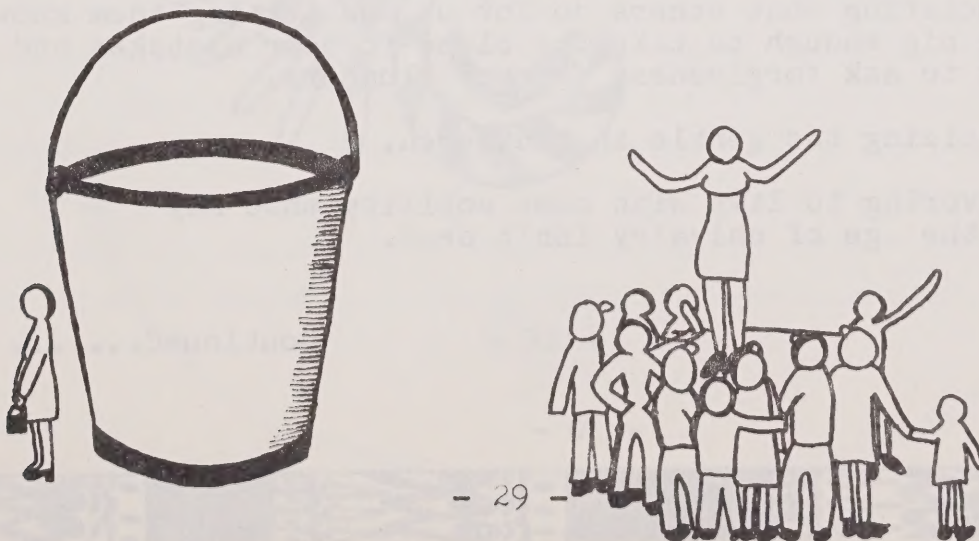
Licensing of body rub parlours amounts to de facto legalization and corporate pimping. The parlour owner(s) and government "legally" take a large percentage of the women's wages: they protect and profit themselves while leaving the laws against the prostitute intact, so she can still be busted, particularly if she should attempt to work independently on the street.

B.E.A.V.E.R., BETTER END ALL VICIOUS EROTIC REPRESSION, is Canada's first organizational voice for prostitutes and other workers of the flesh, i.e. strippers, porno actresses, and topless anything. Prostitutes are coming together to fight against the government's attempts to take away their right to earn money in the streets, and to gain recognition and respect for their growing profession. Just as housewives are coming together to fight for their wages too. We are fighting a common cause!

That's why we'll be at the Press Conference on Friday, November 25 with Margo St. James of Coyote, and Judy Ramirez of the Wages for Housework Committee, to formally announce the formation of B.E.A.V.E.R.

As Baba Yaga, founder of B.E.A.V.E.R. says, "Since I was a teenager, I have been solicited, not only in sleazy streets and in nightclubs, but everywhere, as all women are. Small wonder that some of us take advantage of the situation. I always wanted to know, 'Does money objectify sex?' Yes indeed it does. And if there is anything we need to be more objective about -- it's sex. Women have been subjective in their sexual expression to the point of suicide."

It is time for a change. Time to decriminalize, not legalize, prostitution. Time for B.E.A.V.E.R.



LOVE IS

by John Ray Aragon Jr.,

Love is a dove of peace, the spirit of brotherhood;
It is tenderness, and compassion, forgiveness, and
tolerance, friendship, awareness, happiness, are
all brilliant beads strung on the golden of love.

Love is the spiritual magnetism that draws men
together for the working of miracles.

"Ten men bonded together in love"
can do what ten thousand separately would
fail in.

Love is the perfect antidote that floods the mind
to wash away hatred, jealousy, resentment, anxiety
and fear.

Love alone can release the power of the atom so it
will work "for man not against him."

Love is Revolution, it is smashing destructive
idols and images, and gaining a new vision
of the person you would become.

It is a declaration of independence from all
that drag you down, and it is reaching out for
all that will lift you up.

It is overthrowing fear and putting faith on
the throne.

Love is courtesy, it is being courteous
even to those who are discourteous.
It is striving to avoid a reaction
of irritation in spite of the most
severe provocation.

It is the wisdom to know that we should love before we
think and think before we act.
It is going the second mile to make things pleasant for others.

It is appreciating what others do for us and letting them know it.
It is being big enough to take the blame for our mistakes and
being quick to ask forgiveness for our blunders.

It is emphasizing the gentle in gentlemen.

It is endeavoring to live with some nobility that may
prove that the age of chivalry isn't dead.

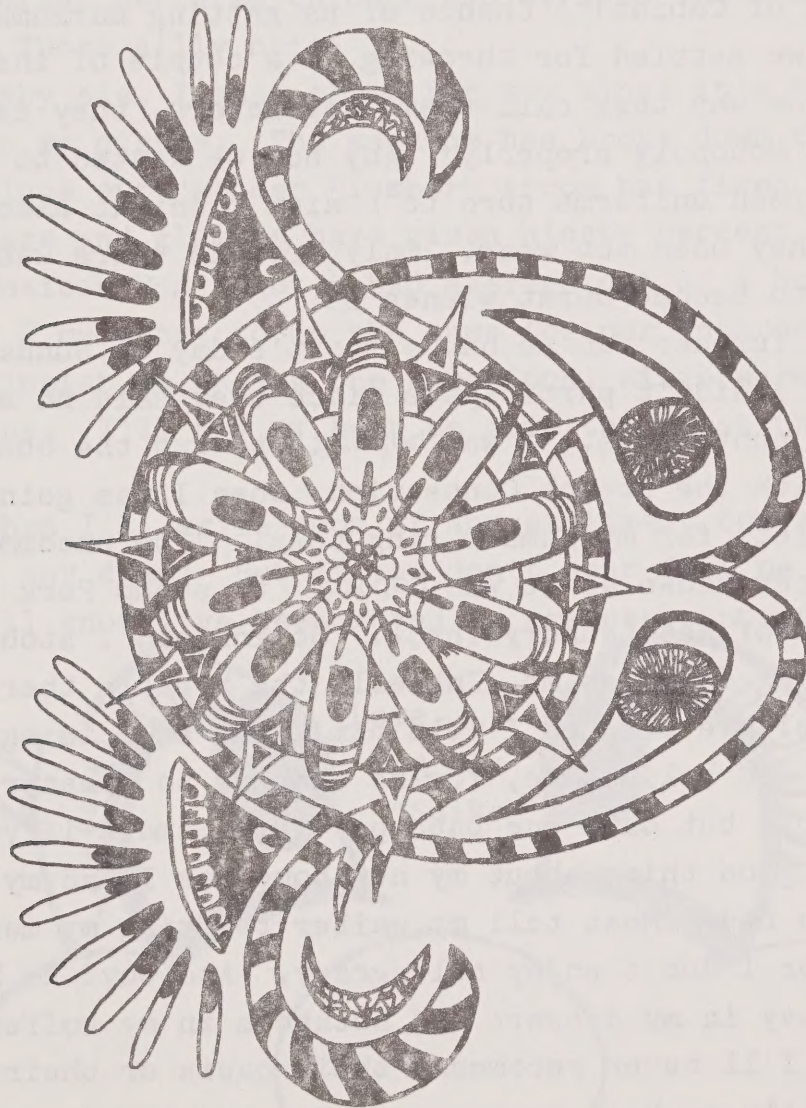
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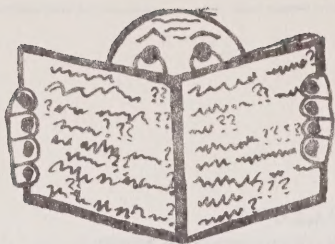
LOVE IS continued

Love is hoping, hoping comes first, life follows,
hope gives power to life. Hope rouses life to continue,
to expand, to grow, to reach out, to go on.

As long as a man has hope, no situation is hopeless.

When you reach the end of your rope use hope to tie a knot
in it - and hang "on."





A LETTER HOME

by Tokyo

Sept. 22/77

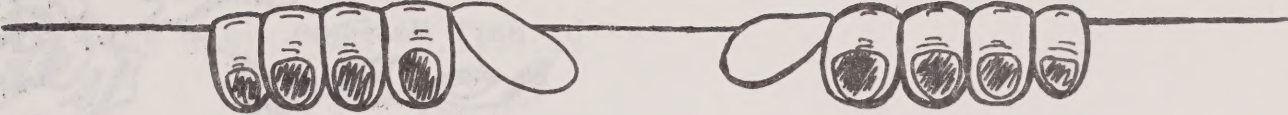
Dear Sis,

Here I am once again writing to you from Camp Playpen. I am enjoying my stay her and things couldn't be better.

While sitting around the cabin one of our happy crew decided to have a sing-song around a campfire. The only thing was she forgot that camp fires belong outdoors! Anyway we got into the spirit of things and sang to "The Burning Ring of Cabins!" Chance of us getting marshmallows was nil, so we settled for throwing in a couple of instructors. Don't know why they call them Instructors, they can't even instruct Monopoly properly! Any how we wanted to see their pretty green uniforms turn to a nice midnight black! The colour they used too wear. Only trouble there was, they refused to become burnt wienee's!

For further fun we had a sport's day on Sunday or Saturday I didn't participate since they said no staff was going to contest us. I was hoping to run the obstacle course with the French Connection, then I was going to use her ringlets for my famous ring toss. "The uncommon house cat" better known as It was hoping to stomp Pork Chop Hill in a game of Wet Laundry Throw. So instead I stood on my head making faces at Mr. Inkwell, the trouble there was he didn't believe me when I told him I was exercising my face! Maybe he did believe me, for he sent me to greener pastures. A new cabin but only one bath per week, smoke if your lucky. The only good thing about my new home was I had my meals served in bed. Must tell my waiter to bring my meals up sooner for I don't enjoy cold gravy. And boy! Is he sloppy, I had gravy in my dessert and potatoes in my coffee. When I am out I'll never recommend their cabin or their service!!

Finally am back to my own cabin and back to my daily grind. New rules since I was last here though, now we must work to earn canteen. So they gave me a choice of jobs but

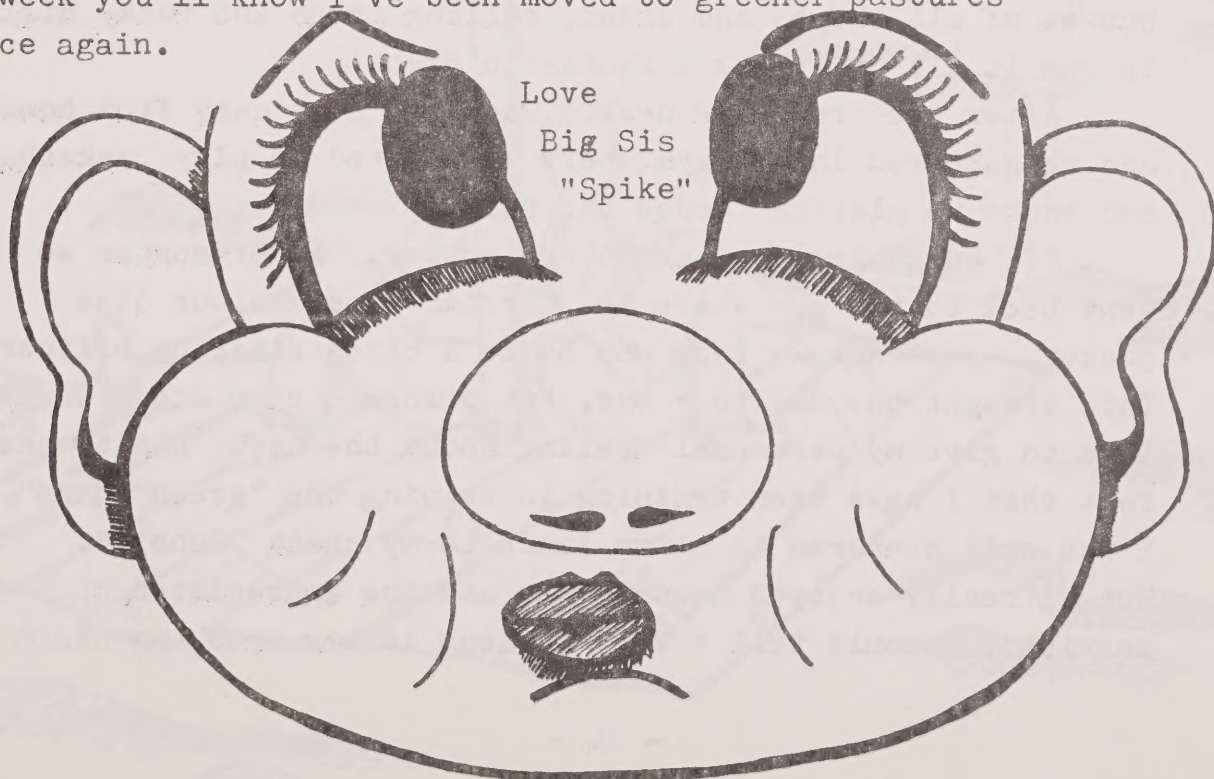


since I am a sucker for good deals I took the kitchen duty. They promised me a bonus everyday plus 2¢ for each hour I over work. The main problem there is, your own poison is really your own! We have lost six kitchen girls due to excessive head changes and only two cases of food poison.

One girl was taking a fit over her vegetables so they had a nice jacket to strap her into. So nice of them to give her a present when she was so upset. Only thing is that they forced her arms through and strapped the arms on backwards! Those silly nuts!

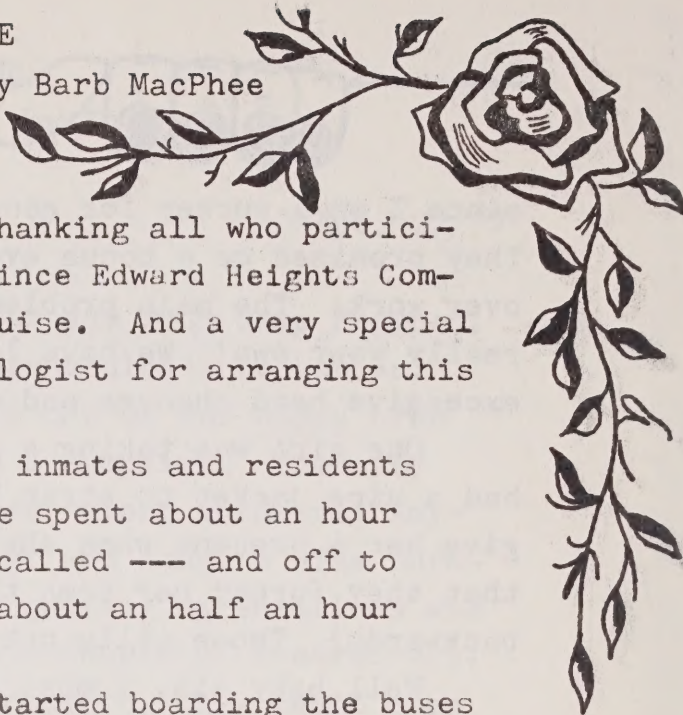
Well baby sis, I must close for now since it's time for me to do my dishes. The machine has broke down three times and since our "Wonder Plumber" Arrow has fixed her, all silverware and glasses have given ninety percent of the girls the Mexican Hop! Not a bad average out of a hundred eh! So now I must try to do the same for our instructors since they insist on having the same food, silverware and glasses as us. I'll try my best to give them what they want!

Till then I'll write soon if any excitement comes up or should I say down! But if you don't hear from me in a week you'll know I've been moved to greener pastures once again.



THE BOAT CRUISE

by Barb MacPhee



I would like to start out by thanking all who participated in taking the residents of Prince Edward Heights Complex on the Thousand Island boat cruise. And a very special thanks to David Johnston our Psychologist for arranging this social event.

The day started out very well, inmates and residents met in the gym at 11:00 o'clock. We spent about an hour getting acquainted, then lunch was called --- and off to the dining room we went. We spent about an half an hour eating and chatting.

After lunch we got ready and started boarding the buses to go off to Gananque for the boat cruise. On the way there, we sang while our official pastry cook, Diane, conducted a rousing chorus of "row, row, row your boat." We told a few jokes, all humorous but not repeatable.

We arrived at our destination and boarded the boat. During the cruise, Rev. Downs kept popping up taking snap shots of all us beautiful ladies and gents. We were served refreshments and chips, but there were no fish for the simple reason I wasn't prepared for a dip in the icy cold water! We also enjoyed the scenery, there where trees of autumn colours, houses of all shapes and sizes, rolling green and rocky hills. To sum it all up it was a fantastic sight!

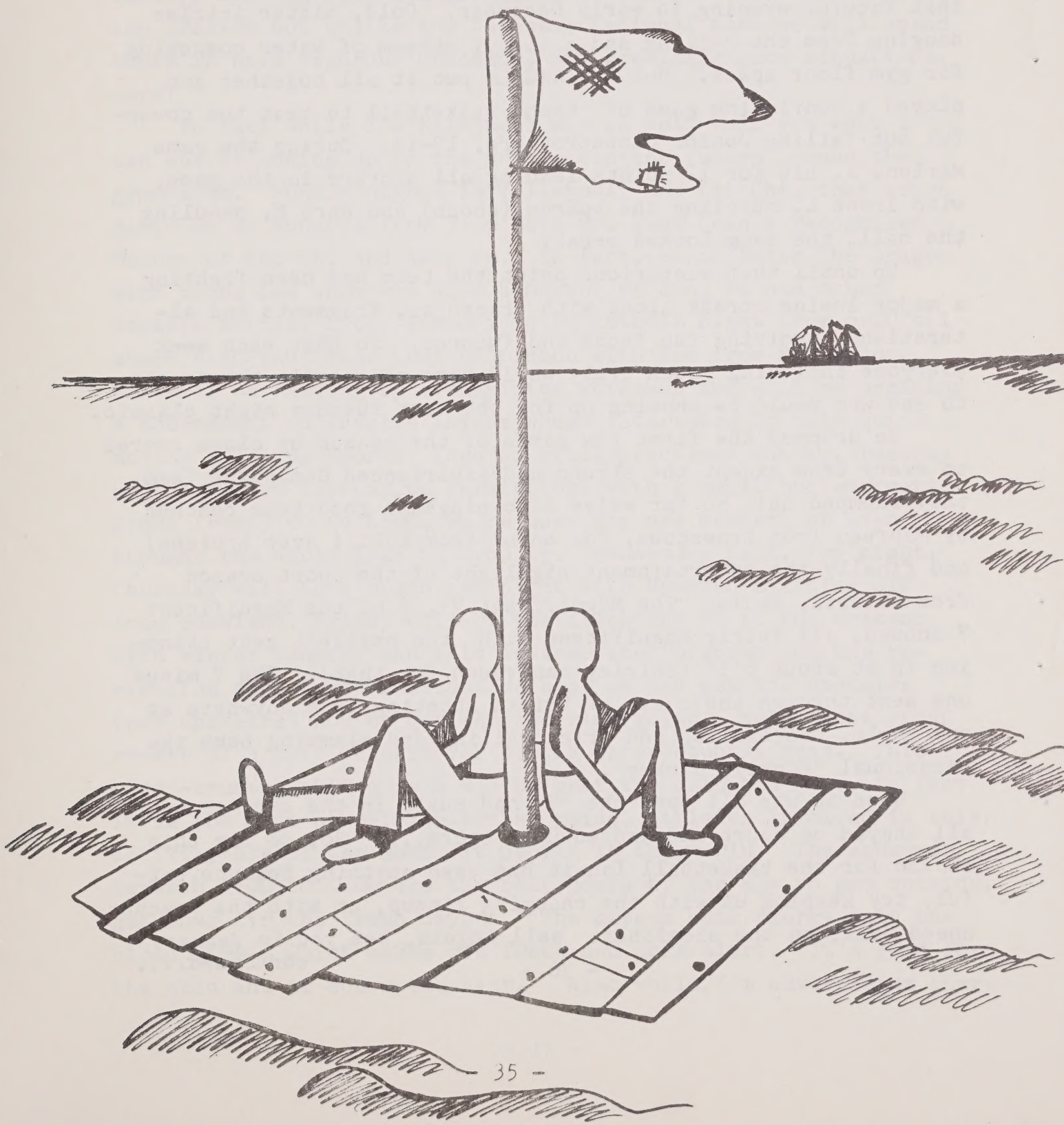
After the cruise we headed back to "Home away from home," and re-gathered in the gym where we started to play basketball and ended up playing "dodge the ball".

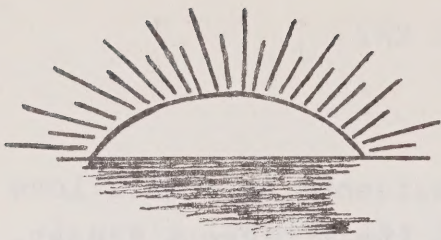
Off to dining room again and supper. After supper we went back to the gym where Mr. Carrier posed as our disc jockey, ----- now we know why he is a classification officer. This brought the day to a end, but before I sign off I would like to give my personnel feeling about the day. Due to the fact that I have been training in serving the "green horns" I was well prepared to serve lunch to my guest "Debbie". But, I really enjoyed serving her and she appreciated my services, I could tell from the gleam in her eyes, my heart

THE BOAT CRUISE CONT'D.....

was warmed and I realized that these residents have more love than any one of my fellow mates have in their biggest finger.

AND MAY GOD BLESS THEM ALL!





SPORTS (from the hard court in the basement)
by Ian Lyle

Angels basketball for the 77/78 season was off to a wild hot start, so fast in fact that when we cleared the floor at half-season the team had already dropped eight games. Until that fateful evening in early December. Cold, bitter icicles hanging from the ceiling and a steady stream of water competing for gym floor space. But the ANGELS put it all together and played a convincing game of "team" basketball to beat the powerful but failing Junior Globetrotters, 19-13. During the game Marlene A. hit for 12 points leading all scorers in the game, with Irene L. muscling the boards (chosh) and Barb M. handling the ball, the team looked great.

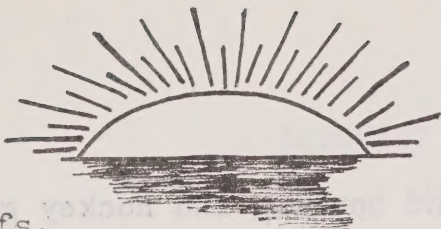
Up until that victorious point the team had been fighting a major losing streak along with fractures, fragments and alterations involving fun feuds and futures. So that each week everyone including yours truly would have to consult the oracle to see who would be showing up for the next Tuesday night classic.

We dropped the first few games of the season by close scores to every team except the strong and experienced Gananogue team, they whomped us! So far we've also played a good team coached by Maureen from Ernestown, "da boys" from LCVI (avec bruises) and finally the entertainment highlight of the sport season from Atlanta, ladies "The Magnificent 7", 6 of the Magnificent 7 showed, all fairly magnificent with the smallest gent standing in at about 6'5" (Shirley can vouch for that). The 7 minus one went through their bag of tricks shooting from anywhere at any angle, baseballing and trick balling and slamming home the occasional "donkey, dunkey".

When it was all over the "7" had music in the car, so we all stayed on court and danced up a storm.... So, so far this season for the basketball fan it has been anything but uneventful, try keeping up with the changing lineup, or with the coaches speed talks on the sidelines. Well Angels, see you in January

continued....

SPORTS.....



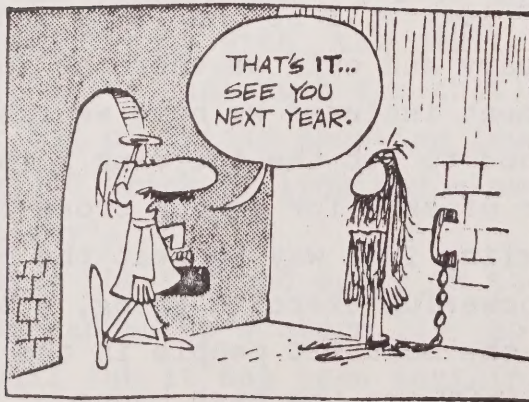
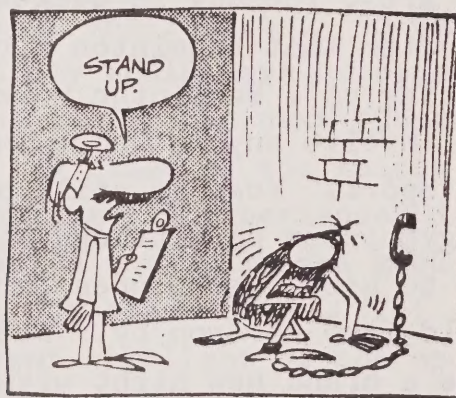
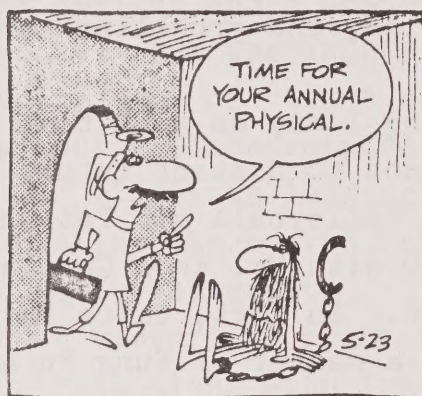
for the playoffs.

Also in January will be Volleyball season with the forming of our two team system. Practises will begin even before basketball season ends so we can be ready. The intramural games on Sundays and Mondays will gradually become practises and training session not unlike the Japanese National team we will spend hours in hard rigorous practise, and gruelling game situations, sure!

In fact while I'm talking I may as well tell you what I can see as coming up in the not to distant future around the gymnasium. Monday nights is Volleyball and Tai Chi, that weird dance we do Mondays from 7:30 with Mr. Kwok Chan a recognized Master of Tai Chi and Kung Fu. In fact, catch "Enter The Dragon" with Bruce Lee whom was also a master of Kung Fu and other eastern martial arts. Tuesday is basketball night from 6:00 til about 8:30 and after that badminton with Rob from MacArthur, Rob will be setting up a badminton workshop and will be organing a tournament to involve anyone whose interested in this quick moving relaxing sport. Yoga is still practised Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday (gymnasium permitting) with a small but energetic group from 3:00 to 4:00, we're open for new members or even thoughts who would like to drop by. Wednesday is E. Fry night, Thursday will be a brand new night with Maureen drifting off into snowland, Friday will be the flick and on to the weekend. With winter January and cold weather the forecast and the recreation department included we hope we can get the upstairs (way upstairs) nod to get the ice rink going. We are the proud owners of 3 pair of skis for taking cross-country runs. This cross-country skiing is a way to beat the cold and move, in fact it is the most powerful exercise going, athletes involved in this activity are of the most fit people in the world. The weekends between 1:00 to 4:00 are the best hours of the day to get outside, get some air and fresh oxygen. The oxygen puts energy into the blood stream which makes you fresh and more alert. It's good for the skin and of course the hair. Also while I'm advertising there

SPORTS

is Monte Carlo in the air and bowling and hockey games and countless other ideas. Tell us what you're thinking



ENTERTAINMENT

by Barb MacPhee

The entertainment at the P4W has been really fantastic, with the activities, and sitting around listening and singing Christmas carols. Due to the fact we are in jail, we still have the Christmas spirits, and are trying to keep up with the entertainment that is happening here.

Here is a run down on what has been taking place in the last few months:

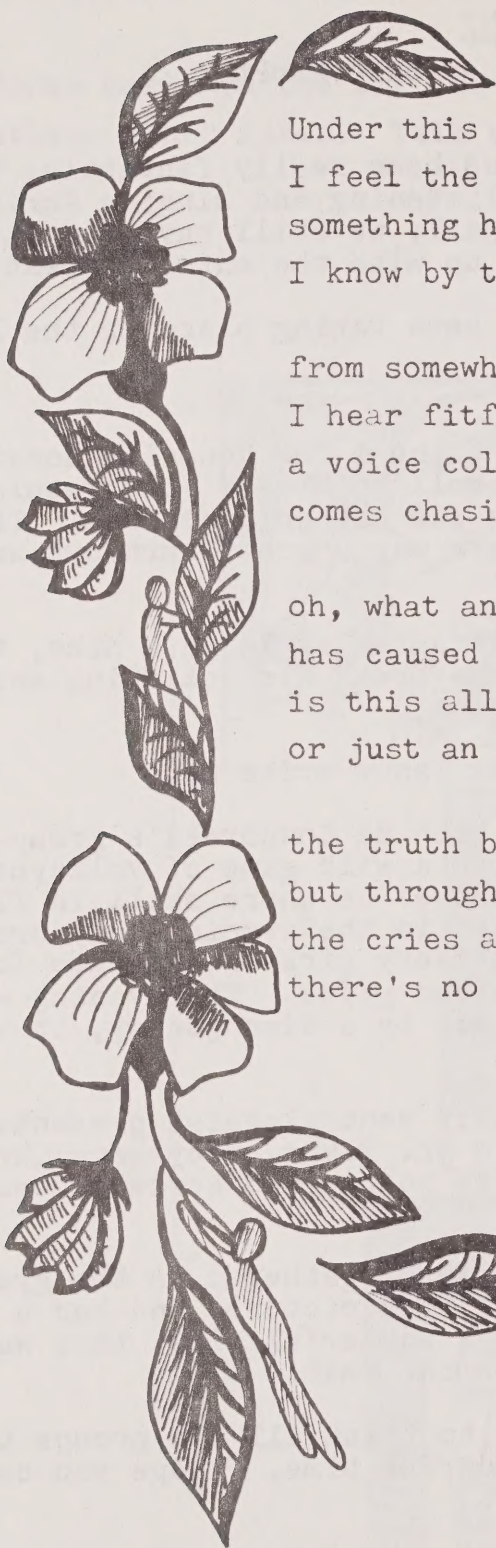
- Oct. 31 - Halloween Dance: Rick Fontaine & The Vondales donated there tunes from rock and roll to blues. Congratulations to Sue who won first prize for authenic costume, "The Limestone City Mummy", there was a great turn out and everyone enjoyed it.
- Nov. 2 - Ian, Maureen and David took a few girls on a hike, they came back exhausted from the fresh air, climbing and walking.
- Nov. 26 - The Magnificent Seven - see Ian's write up
- Dec. 4 - Our first Christmas party with Ed Concordia's group from Ottawa. We all enjoyed a wild game of volleyball, basketball, and the guys showed us there skill in floor-hockey. (what skill)? Later in the evening they brought in Santa Claus who perched every girl on his knee for a photo, plus all of us received gifts. The evening was completed with a dance, music by a disc jockey, it was great fun! Thanks guys!
- Dec. 17 - The Salvation Army with their ventriloquist presented Mr. Wooly, The Egg Head and Mr. Ramus, they sang Christmas songs with us, did a few solo's and served a beautiful lunch.
- Dec. 18 - Family Day, families and friends gathered in the gym for conversation and dance, took pictures and had a buffet lunch, they all had a wonderful time, this was their Christmas present for the year.

Well to close I would like to thank all the groups that did come in and gave a wonderful time, I hope you can come again soon.

WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A POEM

submitted by F. Fontaine



Under this yoke,
I feel the strain
something has broken
I know by the pain.

from somewhere close by
I hear fitful screams
a voice cold and dry
comes chasing my dreams.

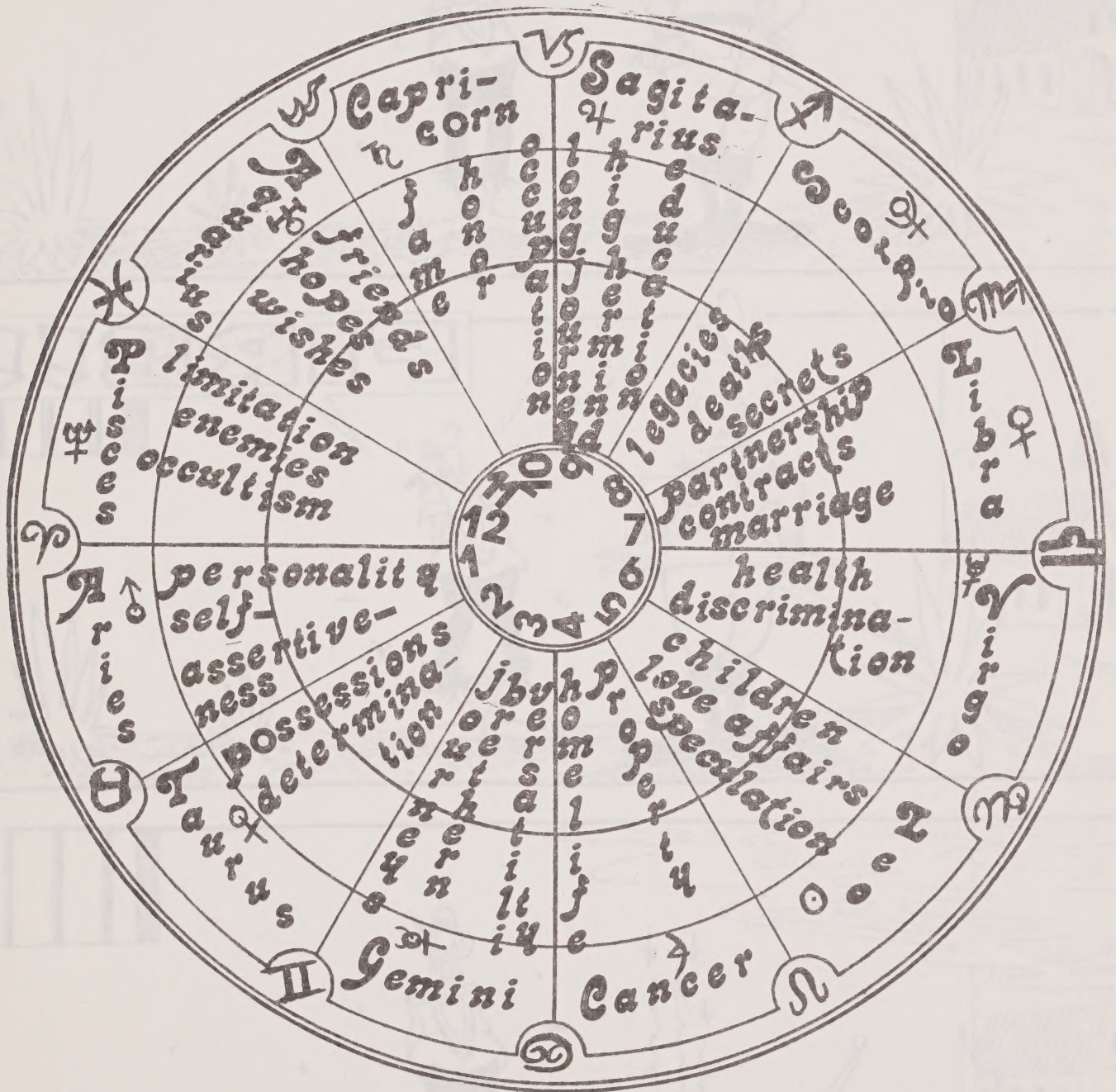
oh, what an evil deal
has caused this confusion
is this all for real
or just an illusion.

the truth becomes plain
but through blindness and fear
the cries are in vain
there's no justice here.

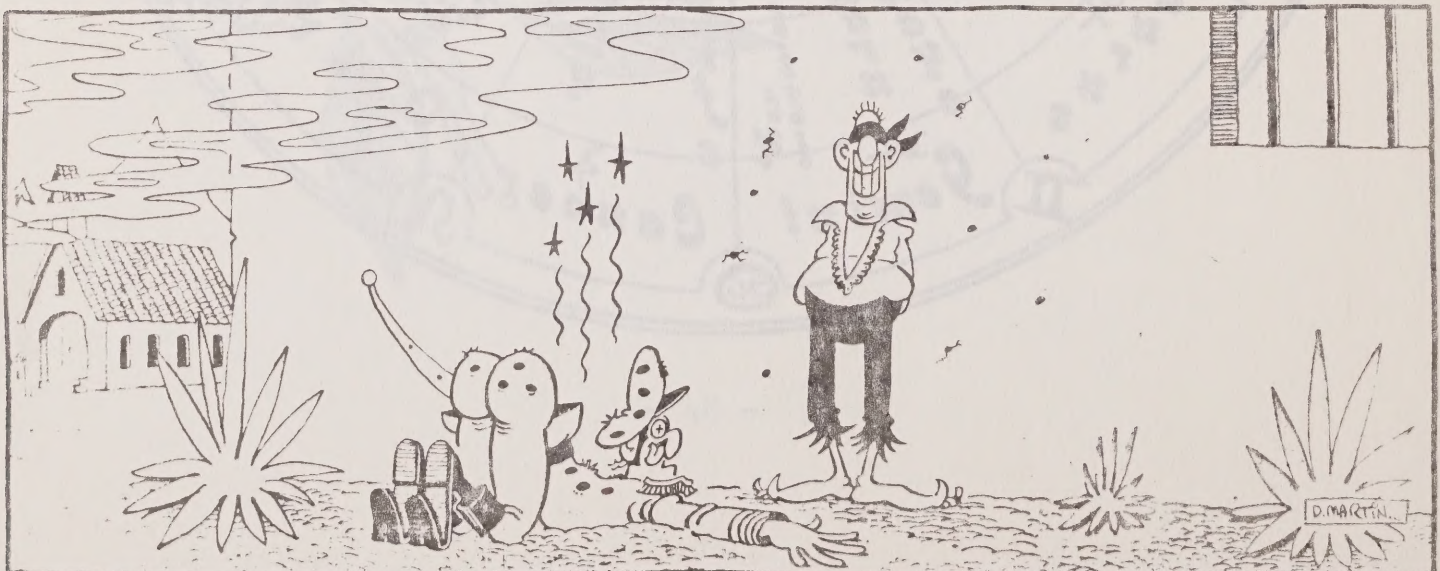
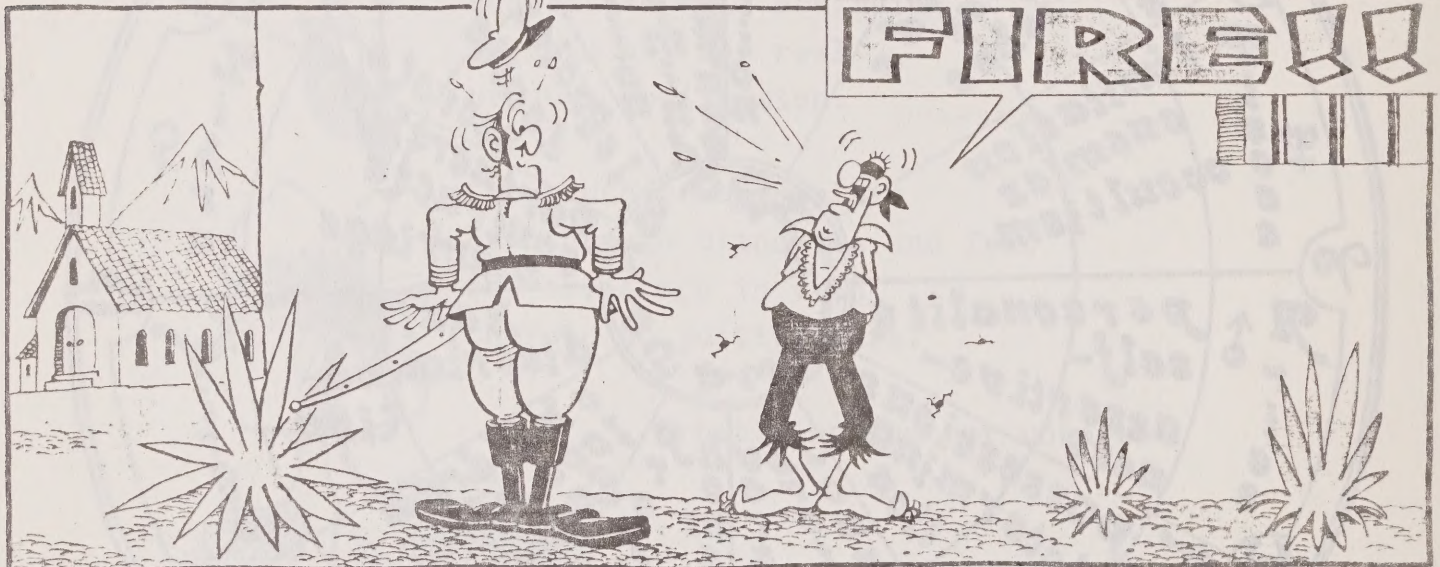
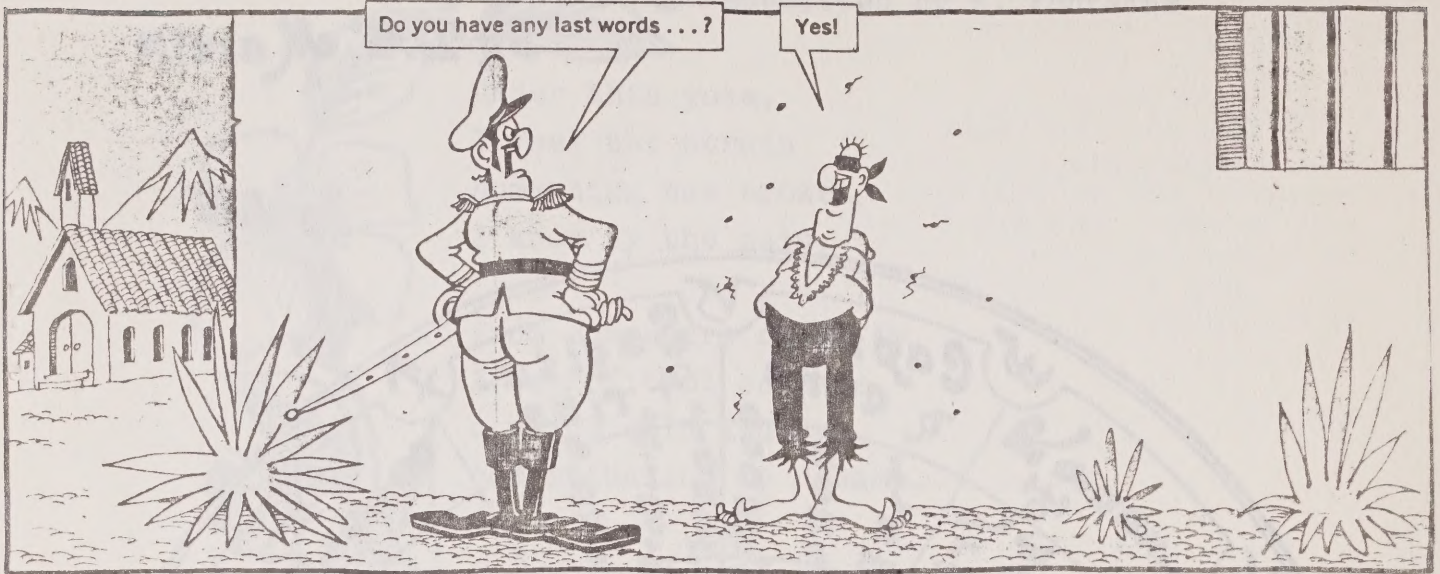
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ASTROLOGY

by D. F. Martin



EARLY ONE MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA



Centre of Criminology

Librarian

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130 St. George St.

Toronto / Ont.

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